

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech; stand aside, Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, I faith.

Fal. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake, Lords, conuay my trustfull Queene,  
For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it, as like one of these harlotrie plaiers,  
as euer I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruaile, where thou spendest thy time: but also, how thou art accompanied. For, though the camomill, the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: so youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: that thou art my son, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my owne opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be some to me, here lies the point: why, beeing sonne to mee, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sonne of heauen, proue a micher, and eat blacke-berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the son of England, proue a theefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch, (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: so doth the companie thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleasure, but in pangs; not in words onely, but in woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prim. What maner of man, and it like your Maestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man I faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerefull looke, a pleasing eye, & a most noble carriage, & as I thinke, his age some fittie, or burlady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember mee, his name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewdly giuen, hee deceiueth me. For Harry, I see vertue in his looks: if then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Falstaffe, him keepe with, the rest banish: & tel me now, thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin, this month?

Prim

Prim. Dost thou speake like a king? do thou stand for me, and ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestically both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a rabbit sucker, or a poulters Hare.

Prim. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand, iudge, my masters.

Prim. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Fal. Zblood, my Lord, they are false: nay, ile tickle ye for a yong prince I faith.

Prim. Swearst thou, vngracious boy? henceforth ne're looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a deuill haunts thee, in the likeness of an olde fat man, a tun of man is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of humours, that boultinhutch of beattlinesse, that swolne parcell of dropsies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloakebag of guts, that roasted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to tattle sacke & drinke it: wherein neat & cleanly, but to earge a capon & eat it: wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take mee with you, whome meanes your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth: Falstaffe, that olde white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

Prim. I know, thou doest.

Fal. But to say, I know more haue in him then in my self, were to say more then I know: that he is old, the more the pittie, his white haies doe witness it, but that he is sauing your reuerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if sacke and sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be old and mery be a sin, the many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, the Pharaos leane kine are to be loued. No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardol, banish Paines, but for sweet lacke

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Falstaffe,